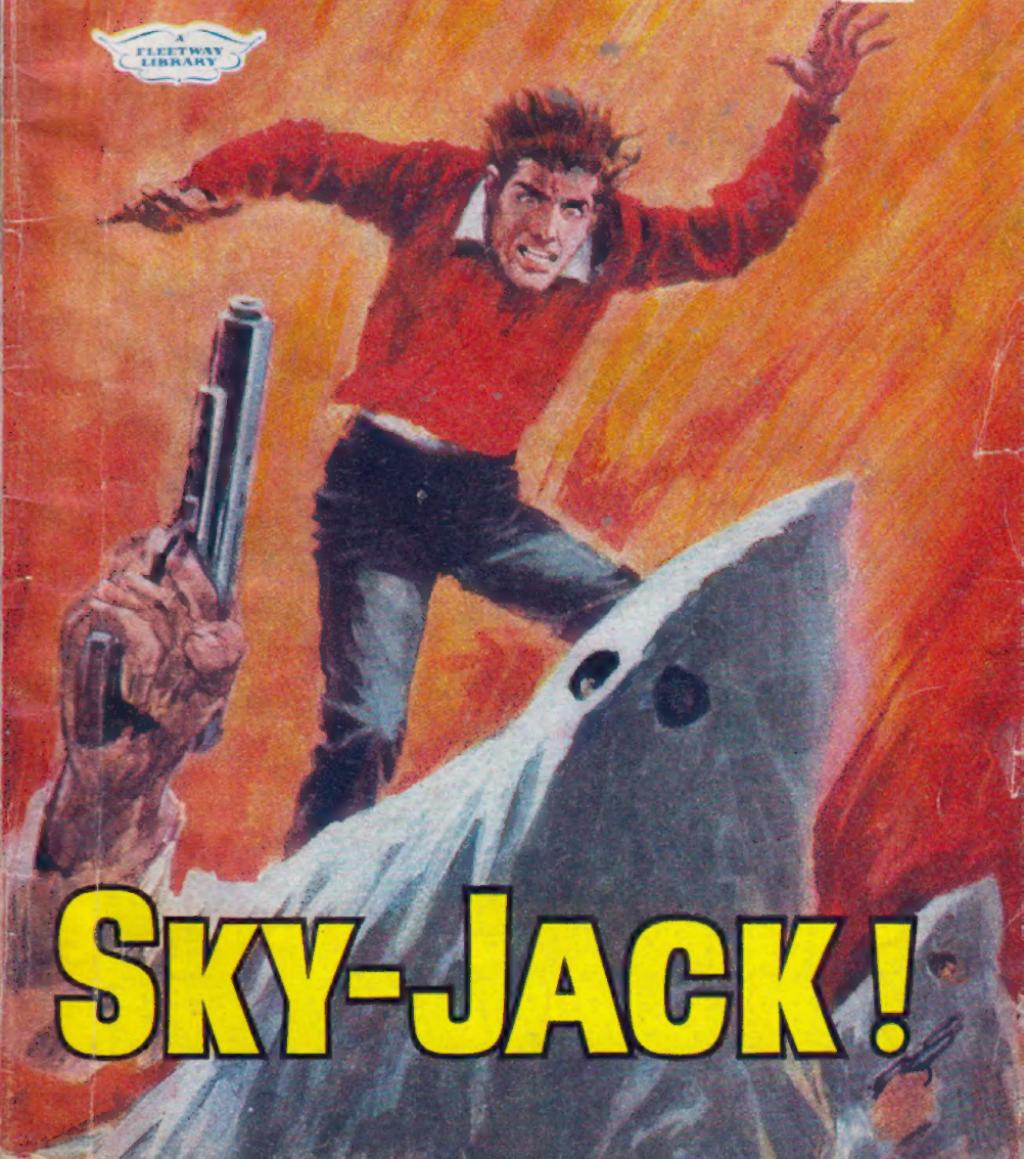


ACTION

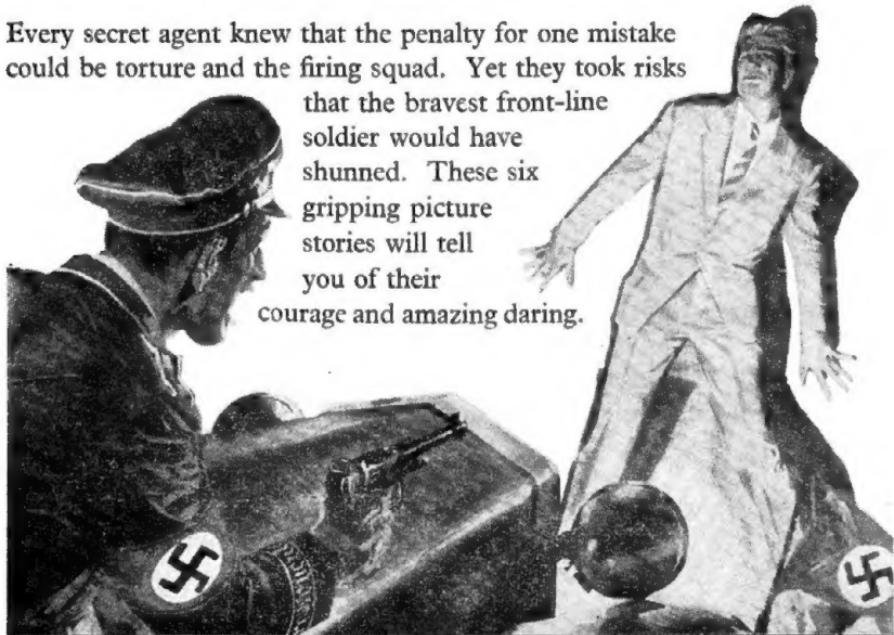
PICTURE
LIBRARY
No. 22 1/3
EIRE 1/-



SKY-JACK!

SIX TALES OF NERVE-TINGLING TENSION

Every secret agent knew that the penalty for one mistake could be torture and the firing squad. Yet they took risks that the bravest front-line soldier would have shunned. These six gripping picture stories will tell you of their courage and amazing daring.



SECRET AGENT PICTURE LIBRARY HOLIDAY SPECIAL

OUT NOW! 3/- from newsagents and booksellers everywhere.

SKY-JACK!

THE CROWDED PRESS CONFERENCE WAS SUDDENLY HUSHED WITH DISMAY. THE PRIME MINISTER WAS ANNOUNCING THAT AN APPALLING BLOW HAD BEFALLEN BRITAIN...

I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT BRITAIN'S PROTOTYPE ATOMIC-POWERED PLANE, THE X-ELEVEN, HAS DISAPPEARED ON A TEST FLIGHT OVER THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT...



REPORTERS RUSHED TO TELEPHONE THEIR NEWSPAPERS.

THIS IS
THE FRONT
PAGE STORY OF
THE DECADE!

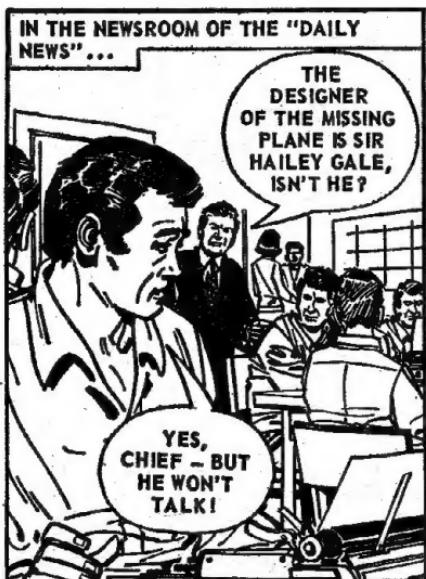
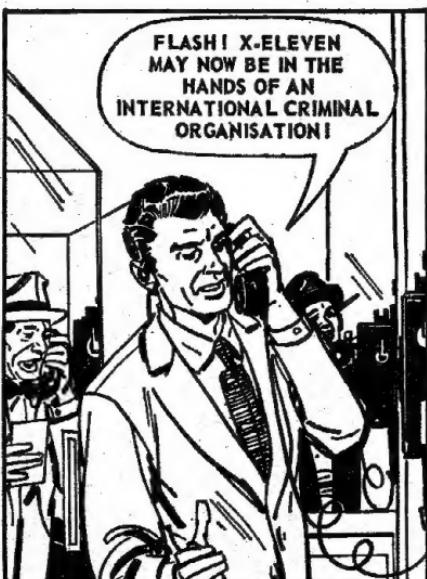


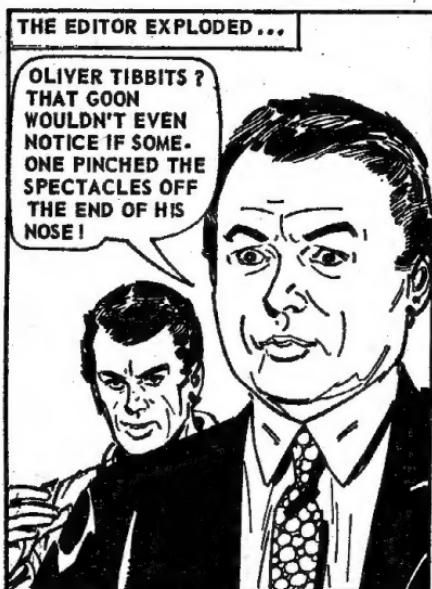
FLASH! X-ELEVEN
MAY NOW BE IN THE
HANDS OF AN
INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL
ORGANISATION!

IN THE NEWSROOM OF THE "DAILY
NEWS" ...

THE
DESIGNER
OF THE MISSING
PLANE IS SIR
HAILEY GALE,
ISN'T HE?

YES,
CHIEF - BUT
HE WON'T
TALK!





THE NEWS EDITOR TRACKED OLIVER DOWN...

I'VE AN
IMPORTANT
JOB FOR YOU,
OLIVER.

I DON'T
DO NEWS
STORIES ANY
MORE! I'M
LOOKING AFTER
THE SERIAL
STORY PAGE -
AND I'VE JUST
GOT A SMASHER
FROM A NEW
WRITER!

OLIVER TIBBITS, A FAILURE AS A
REPORTER, LIKED HIS NEW JOB.

IT'S A STORY
ABOUT AN ACE SECRET
AGENT CALLED SEFTON
KANE!

FORGET SEFTON
KANE!

BUT THIS SERIAL WILL BE A WOW!
SEFTON KANE TAKES UP WHERE
JAMES BOND LEFT OFF! LOOK
AT OUR ARTIST'S DRAWING
OF HIM!



THE NEWS EDITOR STARTED AGAIN - SLOWLY...

YOU ARE
GOING TO
INTERVIEW
YOUR GODFATHER
ABOUT THE
MISSING X -
ELEVEN! YOU
ARE GOING TO
GET A SCOOP
FROM HIM!

I'M NO GOOD
AT NEWS STORIES,
YOU TOLD ME SO
YOURSELF!

YOU WILL GET THAT STORY, OLIVER -
OR SPEND THE REST OF YOUR MISERABLE
LIFE MAKING THE TEA AND LICKING
ENVELOPES! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

BUT WHAT ABOUT
MY NEW SERIAL - AND
SEFTON KANE?



SIR HAILEY WAS LOOKING HARASSED ...

WHY DO YOU BOTHER
ME TODAY, OLIVER? THE
DAY MY X-ELEVEN HAS
VANISHED!

TELL ME
ABOUT IT,
SIR ...

THE PLANE LACKED
THE URANEX FUEL FOR
IT TO BE FLOWN OUT OF
AUSTRALIA! I MUST
GO OUT THERE ...

I'M POSITIVE THE
CRIMINALS' NEXT
MOVE WILL BE TO
SNATCH THE
SPECIAL TRUCK
THAT CARRIES THE
FUEL FOR THE
PLANE - IT'S IN
BRISBANE ...

I SEE,
SIR ...

AT THAT MOMENT, THE HEAVY-DRAPE CURTAIN PARTED.

NO FUSS,
PLEASE! YOU'RE
COMING WITH ME,
SIR HAILEY!



A SECOND INTRUDER STEPPED FROM THE BALCONY INTO THE ROOM.

...YOU'RE
FROM THE GANG
WHO STOLE MY
PLANE!

RIGHT FIRST TIME!
AND WHEN WE'VE REFUELLED
THE PLANE, YOU'RE GOING TO
FLY IT OUT OF AUSTRALIA
TO THE NEW HOME WE'VE
ARRANGED FOR IT!

OLIVER COULD ONLY GAPE IN AMAZEMENT ...

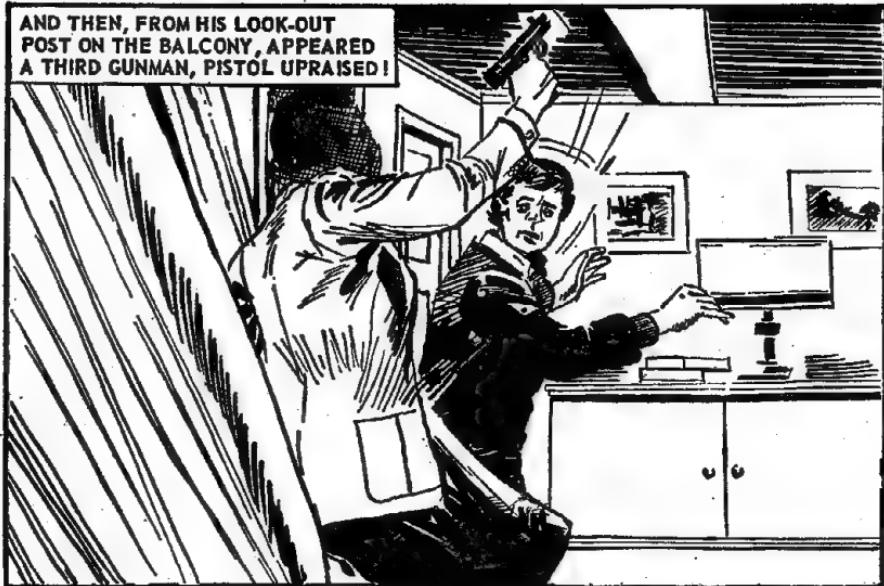


BY THIS TIME, OLIVER HAD DECIDED WHAT SEFTON KANE WOULD DO ...





AND THEN, FROM HIS LOOK-OUT POST ON THE BALCONY, APPEARED A THIRD GUNMAN, PISTOL UPRAISED!



THE PISTOL SLAMMED AGAINST OLIVER'S HEAD. HE SEEMED TO BE FALLING INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT, CLINGING TO HIS LAST CONSCIOUS THOUGHT.



KANE WOULD
LICK 'EM - KANE -
KANE...

THE GUNMEN LEFT OLIVER WHERE HE HAD FALLEN...



THAT FOOL WON'T TROUBLE US NOW! CHLOROFORM SIR HAILEY AND GET HIM DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE...

IT WAS TWO HOURS BEFORE THE HOTEL MANAGEMENT DISCOVERED SIR HAILEY HAD DISAPPEARED. THEY CALLED THE POLICE.



WHEN OLIVER TIBBITS EVENTUALLY RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...



THE PISTOL-SLUGGING HAD LEFT OLIVER WITH A FIERCE HEADACHE,
BUT HE SHRUGGED IT OFF ...



THE INSPECTOR'S ENQUIRY PRODUCED
NOTHING TO SUPPORT OLIVER'S STORY.

NO SUCH PERSON AS SEFTON KANE IS
WORKING ON THIS CASE FOR M.I. SIX,
SIR...



BACK TO ROOM 214 WENT THE INSPECTOR. THERE...



THE POLICEMEN RUSHED ON TO THE BALCONY...



BUT THE MAN WHO CLAIMED HE WAS SEFTON KANE
WAS ONLY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TRANSPORT
TO COME ALONG...

HE'S
DROPPED ON
TO THE TRUCK,
SIR!

BY
THUNDER!
THE MAN'S GOT
NERVE!

TAKE THE
NUMBER OF THAT
TRUCK - AND GET A
CALL SENT OUT!

EVERY POLICE STATION AND SQUAD CAR IN LONDON WAS ALERTED...

THE LORRY'S BEEN STOPPED - BUT KANE - OR WHATEVER HIS NAME IS - HAD GONE!

MAKE SURE ALL PATROLS HAVE HIS DESCRIPTION.

"SEFTON KANE" WAS ALREADY AT LONDON AIRPORT...

H.Q. CERTAINLY DID A GOOD JOB FIXING ME UP WITH A COVER NAME LIKE OLIVER TIBBITS - PASSPORT AND PRESS CARD.

PASSENGERS FOR AUSTRALIA THIS WAY, PLEASE...



SO IMMersed WAS HE IN HIS NEW IDENTITY THAT EVEN THE NAME OF OLIVER TIBBITS MEANT NOTHING TO HIM!

A NEWSPAPERMAN, EH? IT GIVES ME AN EXCELLENT REASON FOR GETTING AFTER SIR HAILEY'S KIDNAPPERS AND THE MISSING X-ELEVEN ...



IN BRISBANE, OLIVER FOUND THE OFFICES OF THE TRANS-STATE HAULAGE COMPANY ...

BEAT IT, COBBER! THAT TRUCK'S TOP SECRET, BY ORDER OF THE AUTHORITIES!

I'M A NEWSPAPERMAN! I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW THE DRIVER OF YOUR URANEX FUEL TRUCK!





THE AUSSIE TRUCK DRIVERS - SOME OF THE TOUGHEST IN THE WORLD - GRINNED AT OLIVER'S BRUSQUE DISMISSAL.



HE DRIFTED OFF TOWARDS THE TRUCK PARK...



NO SIGN THAT
THE TRUCK FLEET
IS SPECIALLY GUARDED.
THE URANEX TRUCK
ISN'T THERE,
OBVIOUSLY...



BUT THE COMPANY'S DEPOT IS
GUARDED! THE TRUCK MUST BE IN
THERE! I'LL STICK AROUND, I THINK...



WHEN THE MOON WAS UP, OLIVER
NOTICED MOVEMENT AROUND THE
DEPOT BUILDING...



HELLO –
WHAT'S GOING
ON OVER
THERE?

THE GUARD ON THE BUILDING HAD DISAPPEARED. THE "SECRET AGENT" PROMPTLY CLIMBED A DRAIN-PIPE TO THE NEAREST WINDOW AND PEERED INSIDE...



EASING THE WINDOW OPEN, OLIVER CLAMBERED THROUGH...

THE HIJACKERS HAVE BROKEN IN AFTER THE TRUCK - AND THEY'RE OVERPOWERING THE COMPANY'S MEN!



THE LAST RESISTANCE ON THE FLOOR OF THE DEPOT HAD CEASED ...

THAT'S THE
URANEX TRUCK!
GIVE IT THE FALSE
NUMBER
PLATES!



IF THE GANG
ARE GOING TO TAKE
THE TRUCK AWAY, I'M
GOING WITH IT! AT
LEAST IT'LL LEAD
ME TO THE STOLEN
PLANE.



HE LEAPED TOWARDS THE TRUCK'S ROOF - AND MISJUDGED HIS JUMP COMPLETELY!



ONE OF THE COMPANY'S
EMPLOYEES WAS
NEARBY, BOUND SECURELY.

WHO - WHO
ARE YOU?

SEFTON KANE IS
THE NAME! KEEP QUIET,
SOME OF THE GANG
ARE COMING...

OLIVER DRAGGED THE UNCONSCIOUS
GANGSTER BEHIND A PILE OF FUEL
DRUMS.

THIS CHAP
WILL BE OUT
FOR AN HOUR!
I'LL USE HIS
OUTFIT AS A
DISGUISE!

WEARING THE MAN'S COWL, OLIVER
STEPPED OUT TO MEET THE
APPROACHING THUGS...

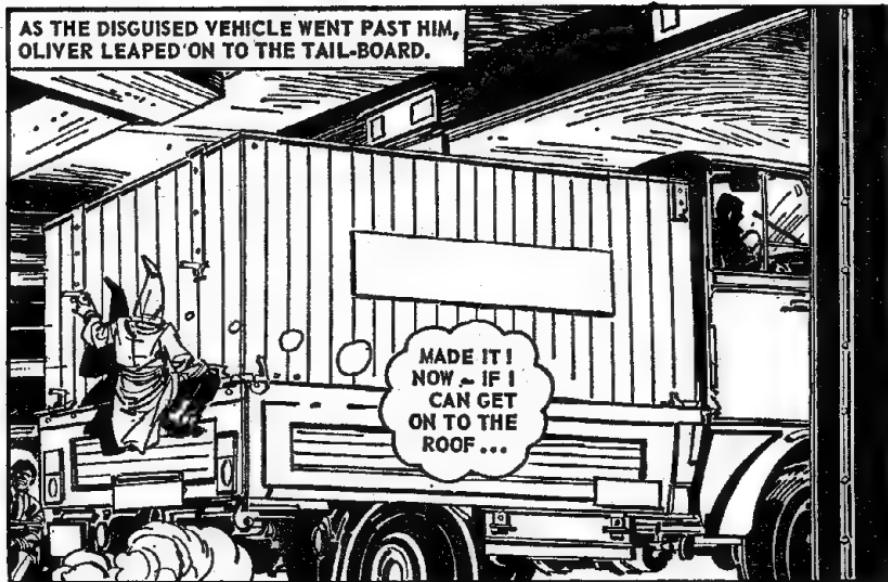
YOU'RE
MAKING TOO
MUCH
BLISTERING
NOISE!

CLOSE THE DOORS WHEN WE'VE
TAKEN THE TRUCK AND THEN
BEAT IT! YOUR PAY-OFF WILL
BE SENT TO YOU BY MISTER BIG.

THE DOUBLE DOORS OF THE DEPOT SLID OPEN AND THE URANEX TRUCK STARTED UP.

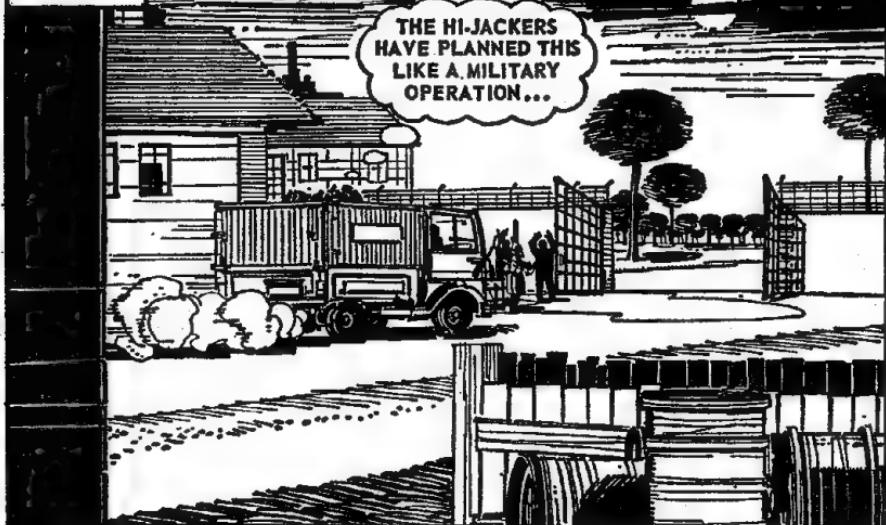


AS THE DISGUISED VEHICLE WENT PAST HIM, OLIVER LEAPED ON TO THE TAIL-BOARD.



AT THE GATES OF THE COMPANY COMPOUND, THE GUARDS STOOD WITH THEIR HANDS IN THE AIR.

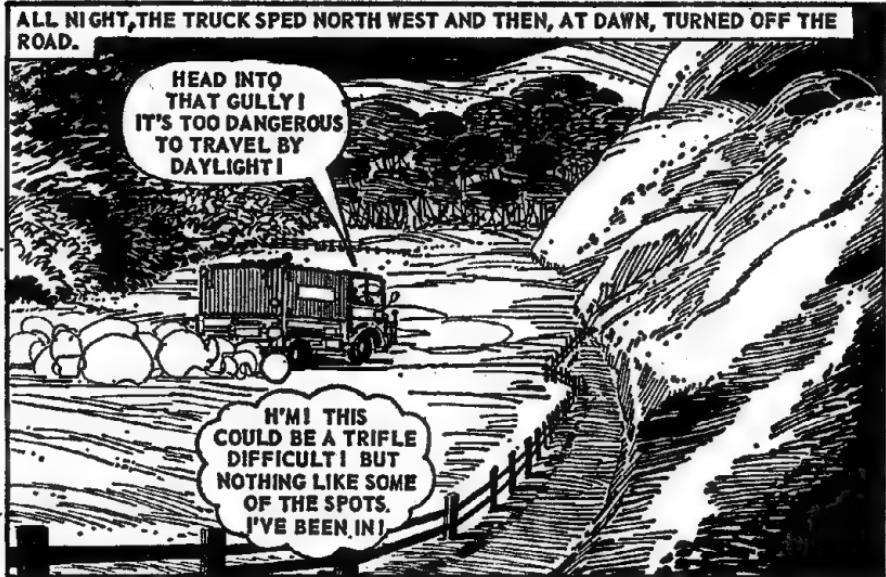
THE HI-JACKERS
HAVE PLANNED THIS
LIKE A MILITARY
OPERATION ...



ALL NIGHT, THE TRUCK SPED NORTH WEST AND THEN, AT DAWN, TURNED OFF THE ROAD.

HEAD INTO
THAT GULLY I
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS
TO TRAVEL BY
DAYLIGHT!

H'M! THIS
COULD BE A TRIFLE
DIFFICULT! BUT
NOTHING LIKE SOME
OF THE SPOTS.
I'VE BEEN IN!



THE STOLEN TRUCK WAS WELL OUT OF SIGHT OF THE ROAD BY THE TIME THE CROOKS HALTED IT...

GIVE IT
ANOTHER CHANGE
OF NUMBER
PLATES,
CARLI!

I'LL
PITCH CAMP
AMONG THE
TREES!

OLIVER PEERED DOWN FROM HIS HIDING PLACE...

TONIGHT
WE'LL PUSH
ON TO GROG
SWAMP!

GROG SWAMP!
WE'LL NEVER FIND
KRANSKI IN THAT
HELL-HOLE!

KRANSKI
WILL FIND
US IF HE TAKES
OVER THE
TRUCK ON THE
NEXT LEG.

KRANSKI?
A NAME TO
REMEMBER!
BUT IT'S
TIME I TOOK A
HAND IN THIS
GAME!

IN HIS ROLE OF SEFTON KANE, OLIVER WAS CONVINCED HE WAS INVINCIBLE.



AS CARL WENT FOR HIS GUN, OLIVER LASHED OUT...



THE BURLY CROOK STAGGERED A LITTLE - BUT THAT WAS ALL...

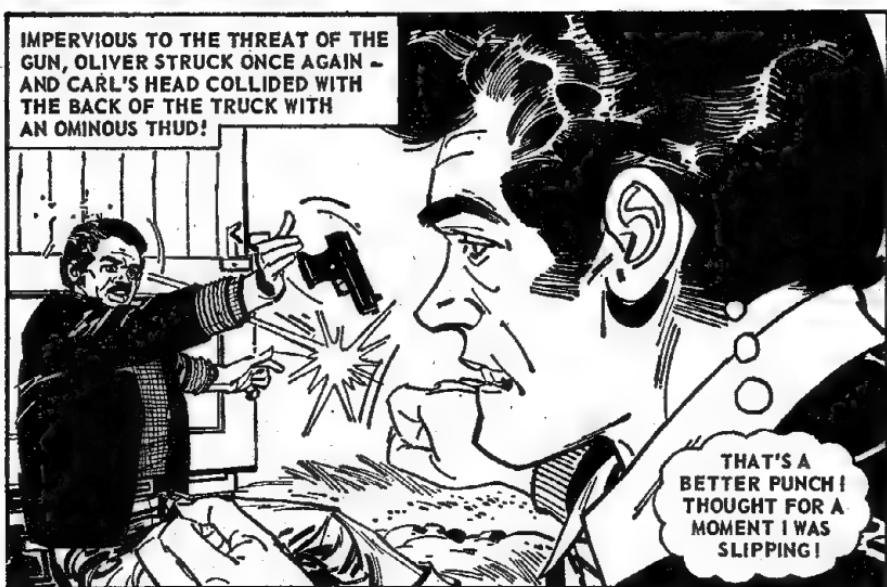
THAT'S ODD I
HE SHOULD HAVE
DROPPED AS IF
POLE-AXED I'LL
HAVE TO GIVE HIM
ANOTHER ONE!

A LIMEY!

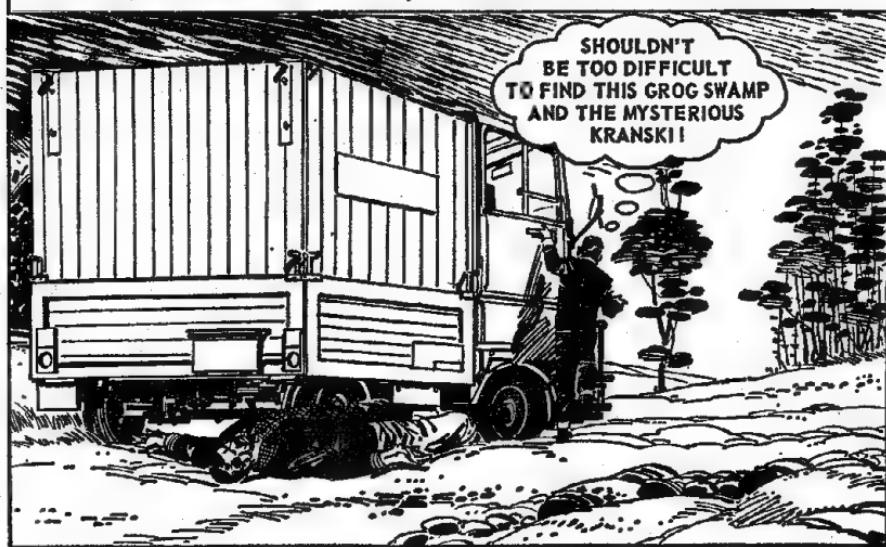


IMPERVIOUS TO THE THREAT OF THE
GUN, OLIVER STRUCK ONCE AGAIN -
AND CARL'S HEAD COLLIDED WITH
THE BACK OF THE TRUCK WITH
AN OMINOUS THUD!

THAT'S A
BETTER PUNCH!
THOUGHT FOR A
MOMENT I WAS
SLIPPING!



LEAVING CARL WHERE HE HAD FALLEN, OLIVER MADE FOR THE DRIVER'S CAB...



HE CLIMBED INTO THE URANEX TRUCK,
AND STARTED THE ENGINE...



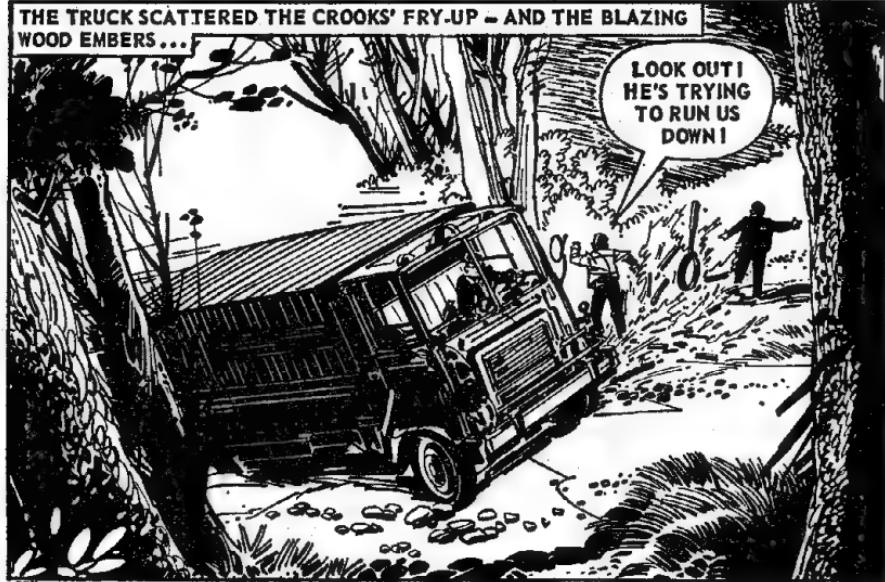
THE TWO GANGSTERS, WHO WERE COOKING
SOME BREAKFAST, GAPED IN AMAZEMENT.



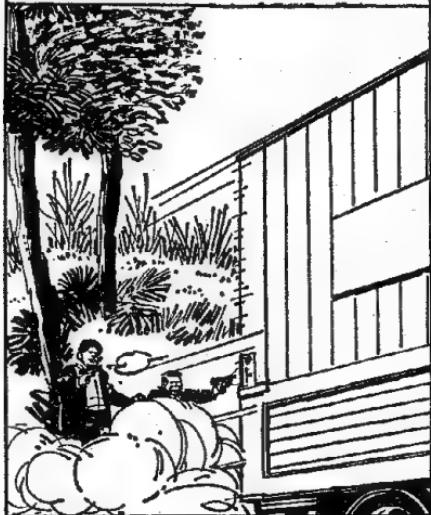
OLIVER WAS FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO TURN THE HEAVY VEHICLE...



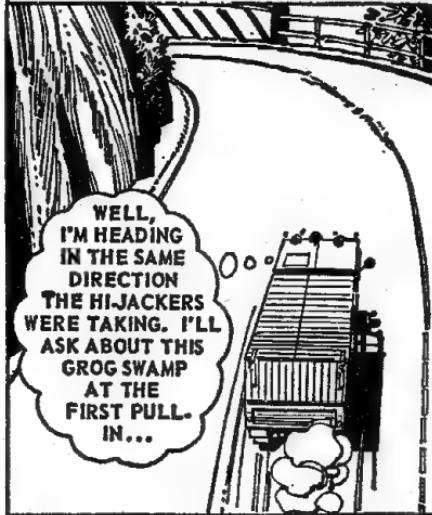
THE TRUCK SCATTERED THE CROOKS' FRY-UP - AND THE BLAZING
WOOD EMBERS...



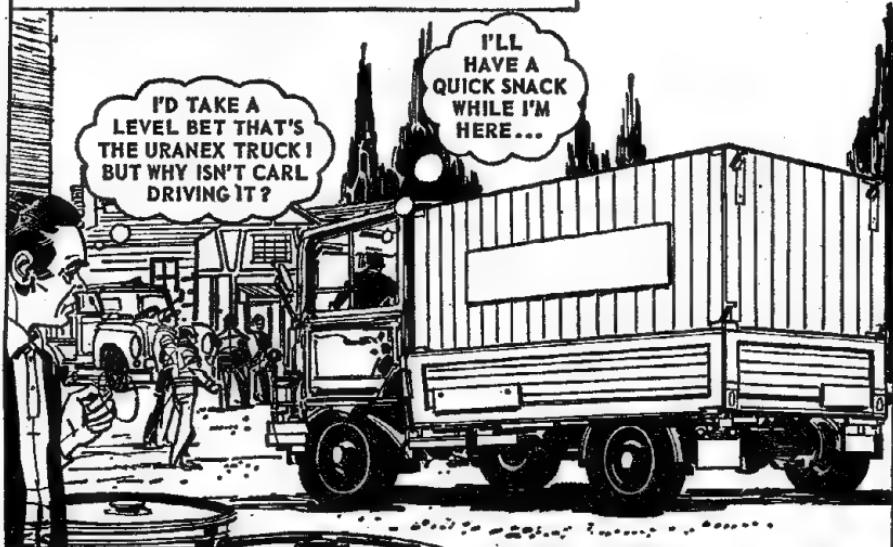
WILDLY-AIMED SHOTS PURSUED THE TRUCK BACK ON TO THE HIGHWAY ...



ONCE ON THE ROAD, OLIVER PUSHED THE NEEDLE PAST EIGHTY M.P.H. ...



IT WAS MIDDAY BEFORE HE CAME TO A HIGHWAY HALT.



UNAWARE THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED,
OLIVER ORDERED A MEAL IN THE CAFE..

ANY IDEA
WHERE GROG SWAMP
IS, FRIEND?

IT'S A
DEAL!
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

O'REILLY
BUT THEY
CALL ME
BUSTER.
ON ACCOUNT
OF I'M GOOD
AT FINISHING
ARGUMENTS!

THAT'S WHERE
I'M MAKING FOR,
COBBER? GIVE
ME A LIFT AND
I'LL SHOW YOU.

AFTER THE QUICK MEAL...

WHAT
IS THIS
GROG
SWAMP?

IT'S A
PLANTATION ~
A PLACE WHERE
THE SUGAR-CANE
CUTTERS MAKE BIG
DOUGH THE
HARD WAY...

WITH BUSTER O'REILLY BESIDE HIM,
OLIVER DROVE AWAY...

WATCH-POST THREE REPORTING. TELL
KRANSKI THE URANEX TRUCK IS ON ITS
WAY! BUT WHOEVER THE DRIVER IS,
HE'S NOT CARL!



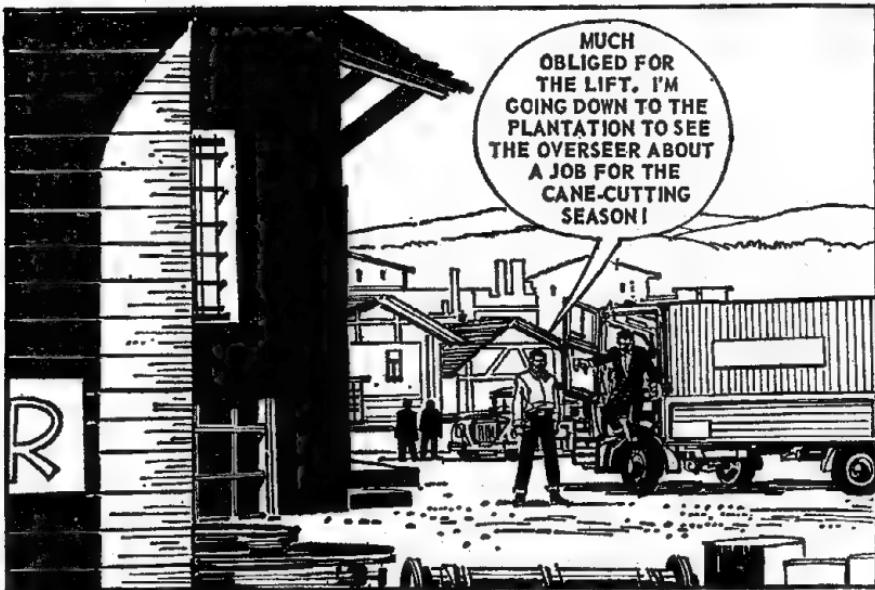
IT WAS AN HOUR'S RUN TO GROG SWAMP.

WE'VE
ARRIVED! I
BELIEVE YOUR BLOKE
KRANSKI IS THE
MANAGER!



THANKS,
BUSTER! I'LL
DROP YOU IN THE
COMPOUND.

MUCH
OBLIGED FOR
THE LIFT. I'M
GOING DOWN TO THE
PLANTATION TO SEE
THE OVERSEER ABOUT
A JOB FOR THE
CANE-CUTTING
SEASON!

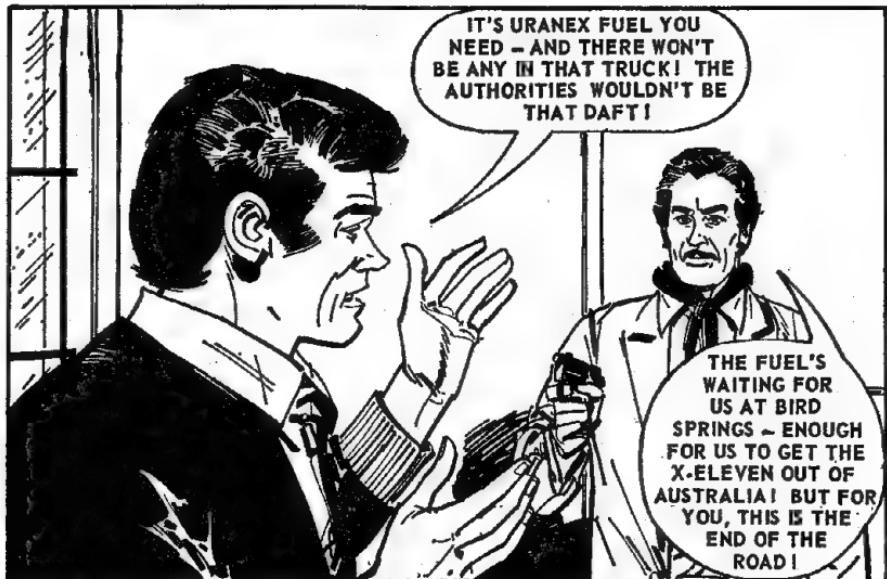


OLIVER FOUND THE OFFICE DOOR OPEN...



OLIVER HAD HIS STORY ALL READY...





KRANSKI FITTED A SILENCER TO HIS PISTOL...

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE - BUT YOU OBVIOUSLY KNOW TOO MUCH. GROG SWAMP WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT I GET MOVING, STRANGER!



OLIVER WAS FORCED TO HEAD INTO THE VAST FIELDS OF SUGAR CANE THAT GREW ON THE MARSHY GROUND.

GOT TO THINK FAST - OR I'LL HAVE A BULLET IN THE BACK...!



BUT NO MATTER HOW HE WRACKED HIS BRAINS, THERE SEEMED TO BE NO ESCAPE FROM THAT THREATENING GUN. AND THEN, SUDDENLY ...

NOT SO FAST, ME BOYO! THAT'S A PAL OF MINE YOU'VE GOT THERE!

WHO THE BLAZES...





WAVING MURDEROUS-LOOKING MACHETTES, A GROUP OF YELLING CANE-CUTTERS SOUNDED AFTER THEM...



BUT THERE WAS LITTLE TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS.



THE TINDER-DRY SUGAR CANES BURNED FURIOUSLY AND IN NO TIME, THERE WERE FLAMES ALL ABOUT THEM...



OLIVER TURNED BACK AT ONCE TO HELP HIS COMPANION, WHO WAS IN DIFFICULTIES.



BLINDED BY BILLOWING SMOKE AND SCORCHED BY THE HEAT, THEY STUMBLLED ON...



THEIR CLOTHES WERE SHOULDERING BY THE TIME THEY CAME OUT ON TO THE BANKS OF THE RIVER...



BEST SWIM
WITH THE CURRENT
AND STAY
UNDER AS LONG AS
POSSIBLE...

AT LAST THEY SURFACED...

WE'VE
MADE IT!

WE'RE SAFE
FROM THE FIRE
NOW, ANYWAY!
BUT I'VE STILL GOT
SOME UNFINISHED
BUSINESS TO
ATTEND TO...

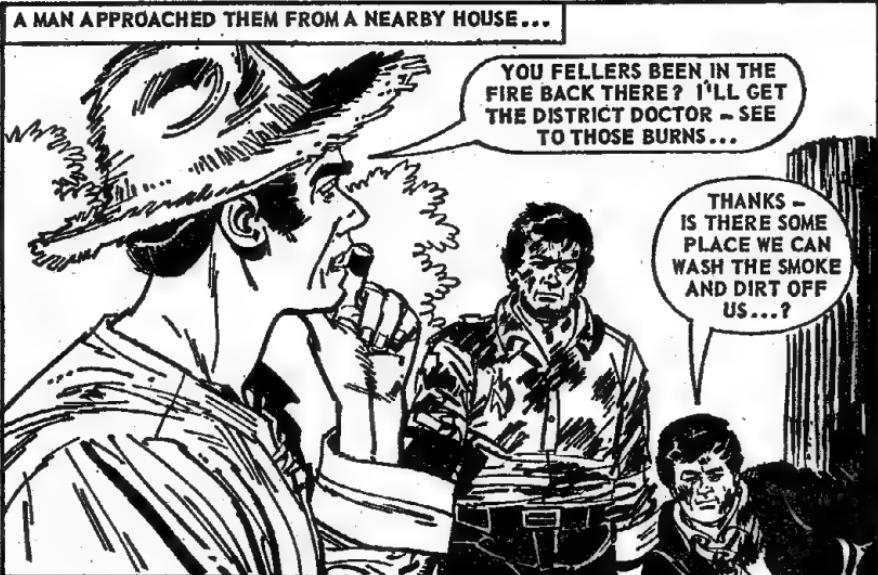
THEY SWAM SOME DISTANCE DOWN-STREAM AND HAULED THEMSELVES WEARILY ON TO A LONELY LANDING-STAGE...



YOU SAVED
MY NECK BACK
THERE IN THE FIRE,
PAL - AND I
DON'T EVEN KNOW
YOUR NAME!

KANE'S
THE NAME,
BUSTER - AND
DON'T FORGET, YOU
SAVED MINE,
TOO!

A MAN APPROACHED THEM FROM A NEARBY HOUSE...



YOU FELLERS BEEN IN THE
FIRE BACK THERE? I'LL GET
THE DISTRICT DOCTOR - SEE
TO THOSE BURNS...

THANKS -
IS THERE SOME
PLACE WE CAN
WASH THE SMOKE
AND DIRT OFF
US...?

THE MAN POINTED OUT AN OUT-HOUSE WHERE THEY WOULD FIND SOAP AND A TOWEL - AND THEN HURRIED OFF ...

NOW, MAYBE, YOU'LL TELL ME WHY THAT GEEZER KRANSKI, WAS GOING TO RUB YOU OUT...

YES, I GUESS I DO OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION, BUSTER!



OLIVER TOLD BUSTER THEN ABOUT HIS BID TO SAVE SIR HAILEY GALE AND RECOVER THE MISSING ATOMIC-POWERED PLANE...

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! YOU - A PRIVATE EYE-TYPE - TRACKING THE X-ELEVEN!

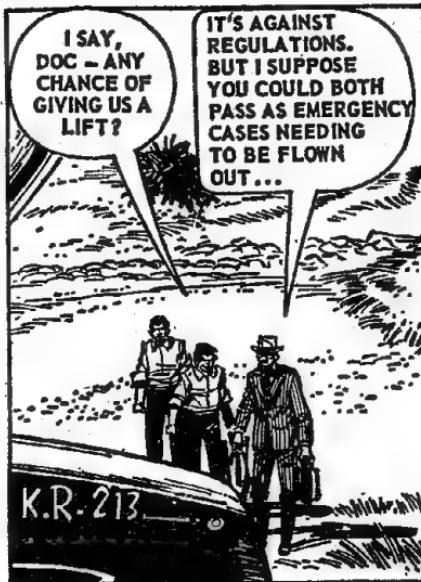


THAT'S RIGHT, BUSTER - AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GET TO BIRD SPRINGS, WHERE THEY WERE TAKING THAT TRUCK!

THERE'S A FUEL RESEARCH PLANT AT BIRD SPRINGS! SOUNDS LIKE THAT'S WHERE URANEX IS PROCESSED! WELL, I'VE BEEN DEALT A HAND IN THIS GAME NOW - SO I'LL COME WITH YOU, KANE!

I'M THE DOCTOR! I WAS TOLD YOU CHAPS NEEDED ME!





IT WAS AFTER SUNDOWN WHEN THEY TOOK OFF, AND HALF-AN-HOUR LATER...



THE HELICOPTER TOUCHED DOWN CLOSE TO THE RESEARCH STATION THAT SERVED A REMOTE RANGE FOR ROCKET TESTING ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT.



THE DOCTOR DECIDED TO ACCOMPANY THEM TO THE MAIN BUILDING – AND THERE, A HORRIFYING SIGHT MET THEIR GAZE...

GREAT SCOTT!
THERE'S BEEN A
REGULAR BATTLE
HERE!

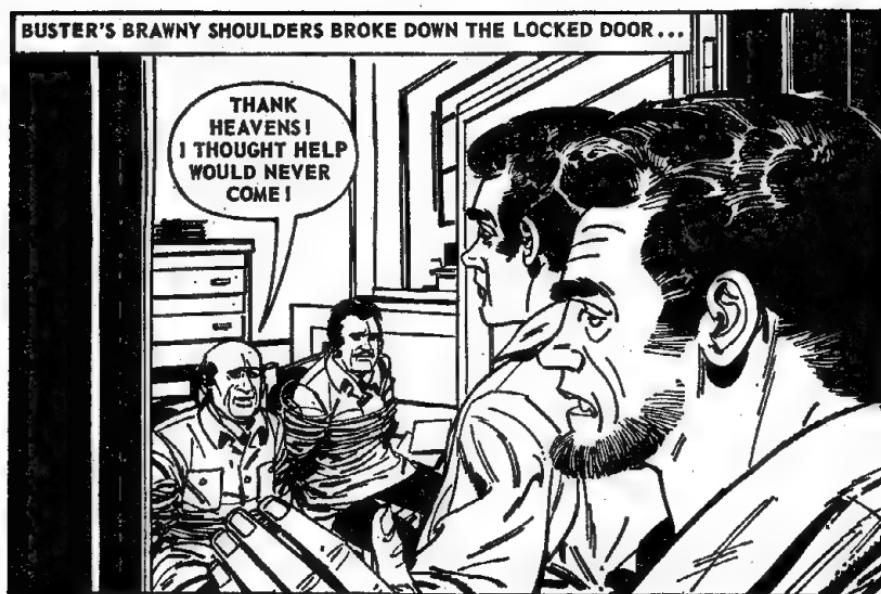
THE GANG
GOT HERE BEFORE
US! THAT
MEANS THEY'VE GOT
THE URANEX
FUEL!

THE DOCTOR MADE A QUICK EXAMINATION...

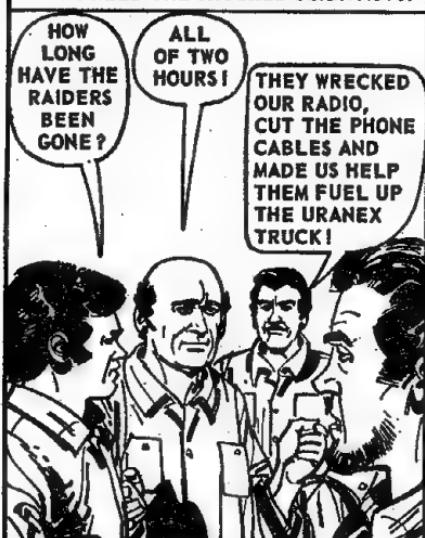
THESE
MEN HAVE
BEEN KNOCKED OUT
BY A NERVE
GAS!

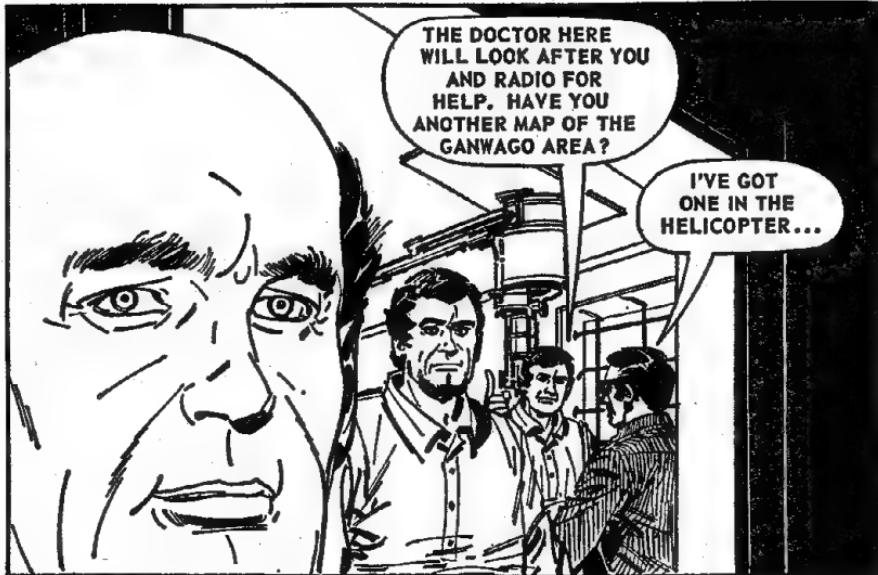
HELP!

BUSTER'S BRAWNY SHOULDERS BROKE DOWN THE LOCKED DOOR...



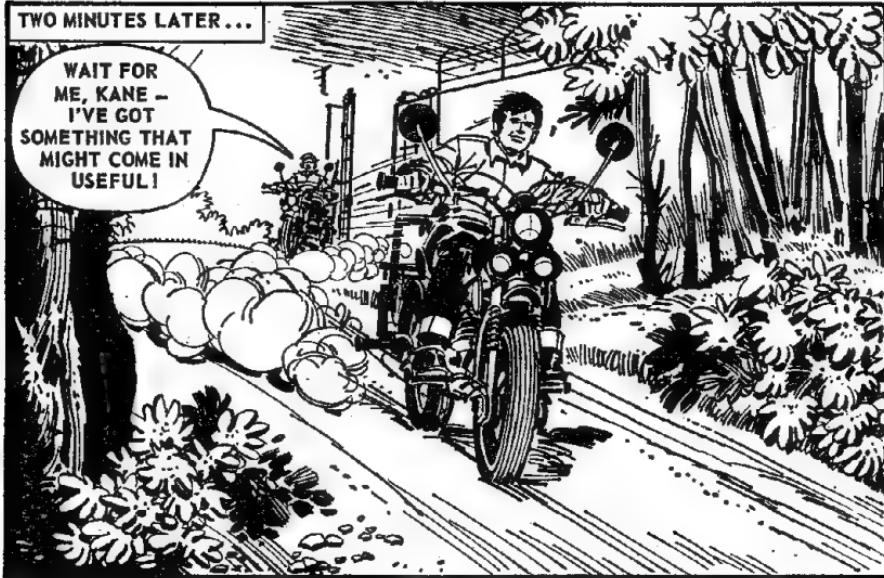
THEY FREED THE SHOCKED SCIENTISTS.





TWO MINUTES LATER ...

WAIT FOR
ME, KANE -
I'VE GOT
SOMETHING THAT
MIGHT COME IN
USEFUL!



BUSTER RODE ALONGSIDE.

STEN GUNS!
WHERE'D YOU GET
THEM?

BORROWED
'EM FROM THE
MAIN GATE
GUARD-ROOM!
I'VE A FEELING
WE MAY NEED
THEM!

FOR TWO HOURS, THEY RODE AT RECKLESS SPEED OVER THE DUSTY, MOONLIT TRACK.

THERE'S A FORK AHEAD! WE'LL HAVE TO GUESS WHICH TRACK THEY TOOK!

PULL UP! WE'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE MAP.

OLIVER GOT OUT THE DOCTOR'S MAP...

NO GOOD TAKING THE RIGHT FORK! IT ONLY LEADS TO AN ABORIGINAL BURIAL GROUND - OF THE BANJA TRIBE, IT SAYS! THEY'RE A LONG-DEAD TRIBE!



SO IT'S PROBABLY NOT VISITED ANY MORE! MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT'D BE A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE A LOOK, BUSTER.

SO THEY TOOK THE RIGHT FORK...

BY CRACKY, KANE, YOU'RE RIGHT! TYRE MARKS!

OF THE URANEX TRUCK, FOR A CERT! WE'RE GETTING WARM, BUSTER!

TWO HOURS OF CAUTIOUS TRACKING BROUGHT THEM TO THE BASIN-LIKE RIM OF THE BANJA VALLEY...



THEY LEFT THEIR BIKES...

THE GANG KIDNAPPED SIR HAILEY TO FORCE HIM TO FLY HIS PLANE OUT OF HERE FOR THEM! LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN THAT HUT DOWN THERE, BUSTER!

OKAY, BUT KEEP YOUR STEN GUN READY, KANE! THIS COULD BE TRICKY!

BUT THEY CAT-FOOTED TO THE HUT, UNSEEN BY ANY GUARDS.

THAT
PRISONER
— IT'S SIR
HAILEY!

YOU'RE BEING OBSTINATE, SIR HAILEY! YOU'LL
AGREE TO FLY YOUR PLANE OUT OF HERE FOR US —
OR KRANSKI WILL TRY A LITTLE MORE PERSUASION!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE INTRUDERS HEARD MEN APPROACHING...

IT'S THE PROWLER
GUARD, BUSTER! CAN YOU
TAKE CARE OF 'EM WHILE I
GET SIR HAILEY?

YOU BET!
THEY WON'T
KNOW WHAT HIT
THEM!



BUSTER MELTED INTO THE DARKNESS AND OLIVER OPENED THE DOOR OF THE HUT...

DROP YOUR GUNS OR SHOOT IT OUT - PLEASE YOURSELVES!



THE TWO GANGSTERS SULLENLY YIELDED TO THE THREAT...

IF YOU'RE THE MYSTERY MAN CALLED KANE, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! MY MEN WILL TAKE YOU - AND I, PERSONALLY, WILL FINISH YOU, KANE!



SO YOU'RE 'MISTER BIG'! YOU TALK 'BIG', TOO, EH?

JUST AS OLIVER FREED SIR HAILEY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION ROCKED THE VALLEY...

SOUNDS LIKE OLD BUSTER HAS OPENED HOSTILITIES! SIR HAILEY, TIE UP THESE TWO, PLEASE...



FIVE MINUTES LATER, OLIVER ESCORTED SIR HAILEY AND THE TWO ROPED PRISONERS OUT OF THE HUT.

WH-WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
IT SOUNDS LIKE
ALL HELL
HAS BROKEN
LOOSE!

MAKE
FOR THE
PLANE, SIR
HAILEY ...



BUSTER ANSWERED THE PLANE
DESIGNER'S QUESTION...

I JUST CLEANED UP THIS PLACE!
THERE'S NOBODY LEFT STANDING
ON THEIR FEET EXCEPT US, KANE!



I SEE NOW WHY THEY
CALL YOU 'BUSTER'!

THEY HEADED FOR THE X-ELEVEN AND
CLIMBED ABOARD ...

WE KNOW THE X-ELEVEN HAS BEEN
RE-FUELLED. CAN YOU PILOT THE
PLANE TO BRISBANE,
SIR HAILEY?



IF I CAN'T, NO-ONE CAN, OLIVER!
BUT WHY DO THEY CALL YOU 'KANE'?



WHEN HE CAME TO, THE X-ELEVEN WAS AIR-BORNE AND THE DAWN WAS BREAKING.

WHERE AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENED?



WE'RE NEARING BRISBANE! I'VE SENT A MESSAGE BY RADIO AND YOU'RE GONNA GET A HERO'S WELCOME, KANE!

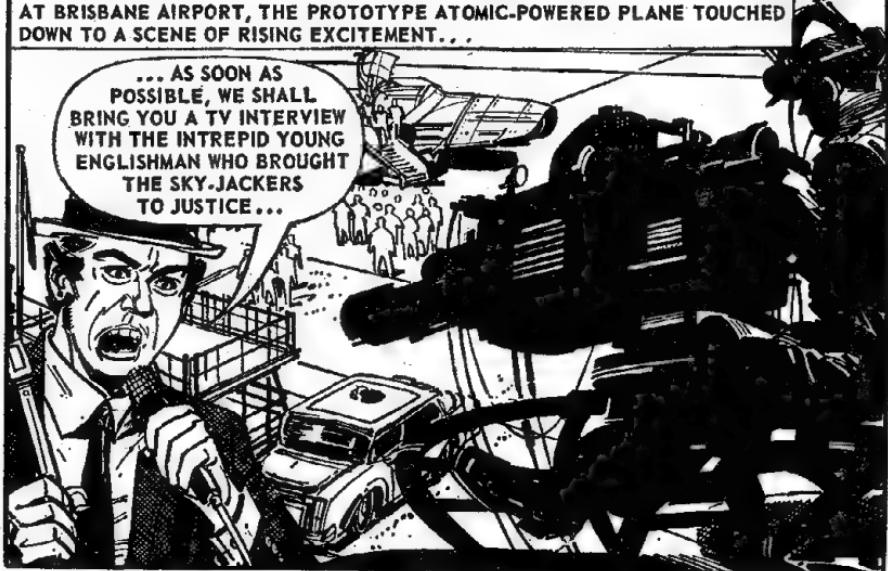
KANE? I'M NOT KANE! IT COMES BACK TO ME NOW - MY NAME'S OLIVER TIBBITS!

SO KANE WAS A COVER NAME? IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME - YOU'RE THE COOLEST WHIZZ-BANG I EVER MET, AND I'VE MET PLENTY PAL!



AT BRISBANE AIRPORT, THE PROTOTYPE ATOMIC-POWERED PLANE TOUCHED DOWN TO A SCENE OF RISING EXCITEMENT...

... AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, WE SHALL BRING YOU A TV INTERVIEW WITH THE INTREPID YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO BROUGHT THE SKY-JACKERS TO JUSTICE...



HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, IN THE AIRPORT RECEPTION ROOM...

YOU -
YOU SAY
YOU'RE NOT
SEFTON
KANE?

NO,
WHATEVER
GAVE YOU THAT
IDEA? OLIVER
TIBBITS IS MY NAME.
I WAS A REPORTER
BUT I'VE FOUND A
JOB MORE SUITED
TO MY TALENTS.
I'M GOING INTO
PARTNERSHIP WITH
MY BUDDY HERE -
BUSTER O'REILLY.
'TROUBLESHOOTERS
UNLIMITED, WE
ARE GOING TO
CALL
OURSELVES!



The BIG JOB

OF SEAN O'CONNELL'S THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS, AT LEAST HALF OF THEM HAD BEEN SPENT IN PRISON FOR PETTY CRIMES. BUT NOW THINGS LOOKED LIKE CHANGIN' ...



THEY MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO SEAN'S LODGINGS WHERE TWO OTHER MEN WERE WAITING FOR THEM ...

HOW'D IT GO THEN, SEAN?

FOINE, FLAHERTY, HANNIGAN SAYS HE CAN UNDO THE LOCK EASY ENOUGH.

WHEN DO WE DO THE JOB, THEN?

IN FOUR DAYS' TIME, KELLY. THE WAGON-LOAD'LL BE COMIN' IN LATE, SO THEY'LL HOLD IT OVER IN THE YARD TILL THE MORNIN'.

THE FOUR MEN SPENT THE NEXT TWO HOURS PLANNING THE JOB AND THEN WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS ...



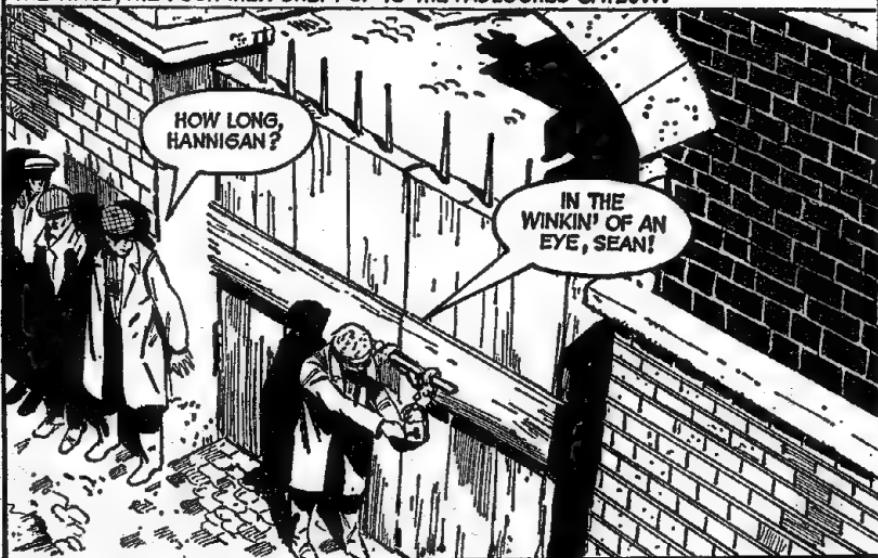
WHEN THE APPOINTED NIGHT CAME, THE FOUR MEN MET IN SEAN'S FAVOURITE PUB...



THE COLD NIGHT AIR MADE THEM HUNCH DOWN INTO THEIR COATS WHEN THEY STEPPED OUTSIDE AND HEADED ACROSS THE CITY. THE "BIG JOB" WAS ON...



THE RAILWAY YARD WAS IN DARKNESS WHEN THEY REACHED IT. KEEPING CLOSE TO THE WALL, THE FOUR MEN CREEPT UP TO THE PADLOCKED GATES...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, HANNIGAN
WAS STILL BENT OVER THE PADLOCK...



THE PADLOCK SNAPPED WITH A NOISE THAT
ECHOED DOWN THE STREET...



THEY WAITED FOR FIVE TENSE MINUTES INSIDE THE YARD, BUT NO-ONE CAME TO
INVESTIGATE THE NOISE. THEY MOVED ON...AND THEN...



SEAN AND HANNIGAN BOTH DIVED FOR THE FALLING DRUM, BUT WERE TOO LATE...



AGAIN THEY WAITED. BUT AGAIN, LUCK WAS WITH THEM...



THERE WERE FOUR TRUCKS IN THE LOADING BAY... INCLUDING THE ONE THEY WERE LOOKING FOR...



SEAN HAD A LARGE BUNCH OF KEYS WITH HIM AND SOON FOUND ONE THAT FITTED THE IGNITION...



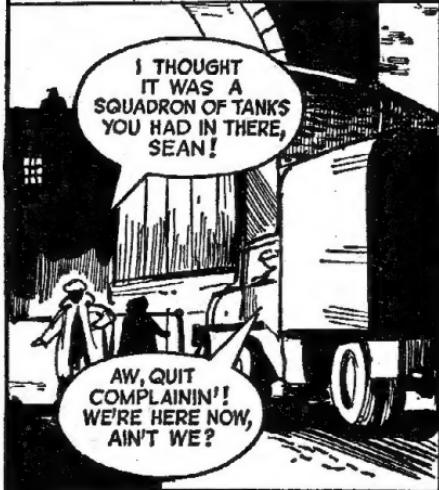
HE PRESSED THE STARTER BUTTON...AND THE TRUCK SHOT BACK IN REVERSE...



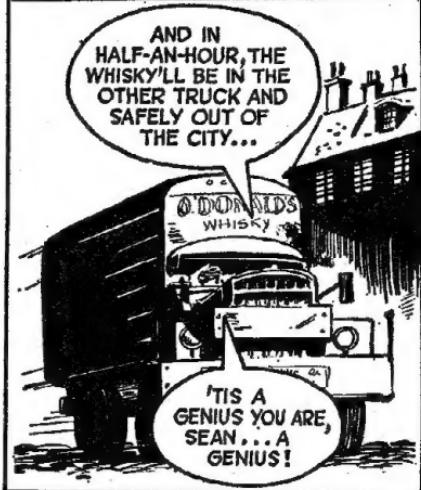
SHAKEN AND BRUISED, THEY SORTED THEMSELVES OUT.



AT LAST, THE TRUCK LURCHED TOWARDS THE OPEN GATES...



THE DRIVE ACROSS THE CITY WENT WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT...



FIVE MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE SAFELY IN THE WAREHOUSE...



THE TRUCK'S LOCKING BAR SOON GAVE WAY TO SEAN'S CROWBAR. EAGERLY HE SWUNG OPEN THE DOORS OF THE WAGON. THEN...



SEAN COULD HARDLY SPEAK...

ME MATE TOLD ME THE WHISKY'D BE IN THE YARD ON THE FOURTEENTH! HE MUST HAVE GOT IT WRONG!



HIS POOR BRAIN REELING, SEAN COLLAPSED ON TO AN EMPTY CRATE...

WE GOT THE RIGHT WAGON ALL RIGHT, BUT IT WAS ON ITS WAY BACK TO THE BREWERY AFTER BEING UNLOADED!

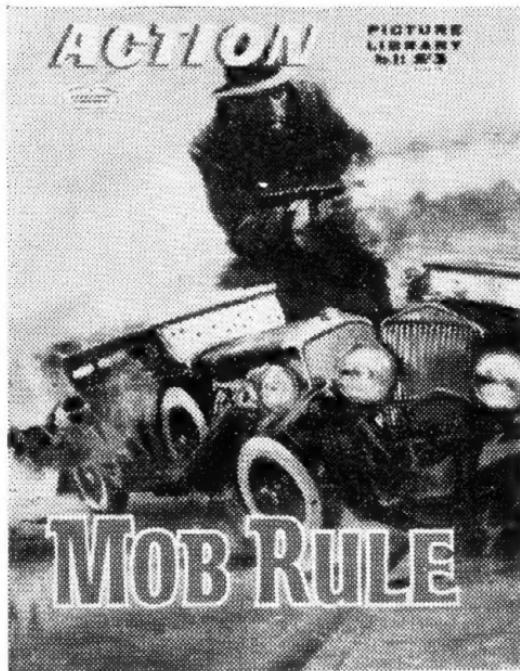


Published each month by IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Printed by Fleetway Printers, 17 Sunner Street, London, S.E.1. Subscription Rates: £2.0.0 for 24 numbers, £1.0.0 for 12 numbers. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Rhodesia and Zambia, Kingstons, Ltd. ACTION PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Tough...Dramatic...

ACTIVATION PICTURE LIBRARY

ALSO ON SALE NOW



No. 21

MOB RULE

He came out of the hell
of World War I, to become
the leader of a gang of
ruthless killers.



Two Action-Packed Issues Every Month!

MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPIES—ORDER THEM TODAY!

FREE



Genuine Diamond Rings

CHOOSE AT HOME IN COMFORT FROM BIG

CRESTA CATALOGUE

10,000
GENUINE
DIAMOND
RINGS

CRESTA
of 64/66 Oxford St



101, 1 Diamond, 1st pay- 302, 3 Diamonds, 1st pay- 521, 5 Diamonds, 1st pay- 172, 1 Diamond, 1st pay-
ment 24/- and 8 payments 29/- and 8 payments 65/- and 8 payments 63/- and 8 payments 22/- or Cash price £10.0.0. 27/- or Cash price £12.5.0. 55/- or Cash price £25.5.0. 54/- or Cash price £24.15.0.



201, 2 Diamonds, 1st pay- 366, 3 Diamonds, 1st pay- 871, Solid Gold, 1st pay- 922, Gold Wedding, 1st pay-
ment 61/- and 8 payments 84/- and 8 payments 20/- and 8 payments 20/- and 8 payments 50/- or Cash price £23.5.0. 72/- or Cash price £33.0.0. 20/- or Cash price £9.0.0. 15/- or Cash price £7.4.0.

**POST TODAY
SEND NO MONEY
NO DEPOSIT**

Ring of your choice sent in
beautiful presentation box.
FULLY GUARANTEED
AND WITH FREE
INSURANCE! No extra
charge for extended pay-
ments. Rings from £5.0.0
to £500. Pay later—no
need to touch your savings.
Special arrangements for
H.M. Forces and customers
abroad. Immediate atten-
tion, speedy service. Rings
with any message sent to
any address — anywhere.
Royal Navy servicemen can
purchase through pay allot-
ment.

CRESTA (LONDON) LTD., (Dept. 16.AL) 64-66 Oxford Street, W.1

Please send without obligation by return FREE
Catalogue (with FREE ring gauge) of Engagement,
Wedding, Dress & Signet Rings, Jewellery & Watches.

NAME.....

(Block letters)

ADDRESS.....

*16.AL

TWO COUPONS! LEAVE ONE IN THE
BOOK FOR A FRIEND

CRESTA (LONDON) LTD., (Dept. 16.AL) 64-66 Oxford Street, W.1

Please send without obligation by return FREE
Catalogue (with FREE ring gauge) of Engagement,
Wedding, Dress & Signet Rings, Jewellery & Watches.

NAME.....

(Block letters)

ADDRESS.....

16.AL